

Cold Moon

The Zolas

The paint is dry, we've closed the vein
To rinse the brush and go again
But still I know I've got the stain
And maybe you do too

I found the stomach to deny
The urge to look you up online
Don't want to creep on your profile
But sometimes I still do

Maybe I'll see you on the cold moon
We'll meet again beneath the cold moon
Thin windows fill my room
With silver from the cold cold moon

In the mirror here and there
I catch a flash of silverware
I shake my back to try to clear
The table set for two